

# Running From The Goathead

## Autopsy

Lying on the floor I realize my fate  
I've become victim, I've become hate  
How did this horrible night come to be  
Piece by piece it comes after me  
It catches up and grabs my throat  
All I see is the head of a goat  
It's sharpened fingers slice my face  
The catch is better than the chase

It comes after me  
Running from the goathead  
Blood in my eyes, I cannot see  
Black heart chaser  
Terror races through my mind  
Running from the goathead  
I run with it behind... me

Hallways that are long and dark  
Scratching walls, looking for a door  
The burns and cuts have left their mark  
I see others have come before  
What kind of fate did they meet  
This evil place cries for more  
With brutal weapons all are beat  
To live I must come to the fore

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